

Saint GEORGE, and the DRAGON,

ANGLICE,

MERCURIUS POETICUS:

To the Tune of, The Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.



News, News: — Here's the Occurrences: and a new Mercurius:
A Dialogue betwixt Hasterigg the Bafled, and Arthur the Furious:
With Iretons readings upon Legitimate, and Spurious,
Proving that a Saint may be the Son of a Whore; for the satisfaction of the Curious.
*From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Liberati nos Domine.*

Here's the true reason of the Cities Infatuation:
Ireton ha's made it Drunk with the Cup of Abomination:
That is, — the Cup of the Whore, after the Geneva Interpretation:
Which, with the Juyc of Titchburn's Grapes, must needs cause Intoxication.
*From a Rump, &c.
(the Breech,*

Here's the Whipper whipt — by a Friend to George, that whipp'd Jack, that whipp'd
That whipp'd the Nation, as long as it could stand over it: — After which
It was it self Re-jerk'd, by the sage Author of this Speech:
Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch spur, as with a Switch.
From a Rump, &c.

This Rump hath many a Rotten and unruly Member: (tender.)
Give the General the Oath, cries one; — (but his Conscience being a little
I'll Abjure you, with a Horse-pox, quoth George, — and make you remember
The Leavint of February, longer than the Fifth of November.
From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this Ruffe put the Town in great disorder;
Some Knaves (in Office) smil'd, — expecting 'twould go furdurs;
But at the last — my Life on't, George is no Rumper, — said the Recorder:
For there never was either Honest man, or Monk of that Order.
From a Rump, &c.

And so it prov'd, for Gentlemen, sayes the General, I'll make you amends:
Our Greeting was a little untoward, but we'll part Friends,
A little time shall shew you which way my Design tends,
And that, besides the good of Church and State, I have no other ends.
From a Rump, &c.

His Excellence had no sooner pass'd this Declaration and Promise,
But in steps Secretary Scot, — the Rump's man Thomas,
With Luke, their lame Evangelist — (the Devil keep 'um from us,)
To shew Monk what precious Members of Church and State the Bumm ha's.
From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the Supplication of the Members under the Rod,
Nay, My Lord, (cries the Brewers Clerk) — good my Lord, — for the love of God,
Consider your self, us, — and this poor Nation, and that Tyrant Abroad;
Don't leave us, — but George gave him a Sbrugg, instead of a Nodd.
From a Rump, &c.

This mortal Silence was followed with a most hideous Noyse
Of Free-Parliament Bells, and Rump-confounding Boyes:
Crying, Gueld the Rogues, Singe their Tayles, — when with a low Voyce,
Fire and Sword, by this Light, cries Tom, let's look to our Toyes.
From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched Members in so sad a Plight:
Some were Broyl'd, — some Toasted, — others Burnt out-right:
Nay, against Rumps, so Pittyleffe was their Rage, and Spice,
That not a Citizen would kisse his Wife that Night.
From a Rump, &c.

By this time, Death, and Hell appear'd in the ghastly Looks
Of Scot, and Robinson; (those Legislative Rooks)
And it must needs put the Rump most damnably off the Hooks,
To see, that when God has sent meat, the Devil should send Cooks.
From a Rump, &c.

But Providence, their old friend, brought these Saints off, at Last,
And through the Pikes, and the Flames, un-dis-membred they past,
Although (God wot) with many Struglings, and much Hest.
(For — Members, — or no Members, was but a measuring Cast)
From a Rump, &c.

Being come to Whitehall; — there's the dismal mone:
Let Monk be damn'd, cries Arthur; in a Terrible tone:
That Traytor: — and those Cuckoldly Rogues that set him on:
(But, tho' the Knight Spits Blood, 'tis observ'd that he Draws none)
From a Rump, &c.

The Plague Bawle you, cries Harry Martine, you have brought us to this point:
You and the Cavalier, and his kind, — with your Rump, and your kind,
Then in steps Driv'ling Mounson, to take up the Squabble:
That Lord; which first taught the use of the Wooden Dagger, and Ladle,
He, — that out does Jack Pudding, at a Cullard, or a Caudle:
And were he Best Foell in Europe, but that he wants a Bauble.
From a Rump, &c.

More was said, to little Purpose: the next news, is — a Declaration
From the Rump; for a Free State, according to the Covenant of the Nation,
And a Free Parliament, under Oath, and Qualification,
Where none shall be Ele'd, but Members of Reprobation.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the Tail Firk'd; a Piece acted lately with great applause,
With a Plea for the Prerogative Breech, and the Good Old Cause:
Proving, that Rumps, and Members are antienter than Laws:
And that a Bumme Divided, is never the worse for the Flawes:
From a Rump, &c.

But all things have their Period, and Fate,
An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:
Members grow weak; and Tayles themselves run out of Date:
And yet thou shalt not Dy; (Dear Breech) thy Fame I'll celebrate.
From a Rump, &c.

Here lies a Pack of Saints, that did their Souls, and Country Sell
For Dirt; The Devil was their good Lord; him they serv'd well;
By his Advice, they Stood, and Alded: and by his President they Fell,
(Like Lucifer) making but one step betwixt Heaven, and Hell.
*From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Liberati nos Domine,*

FINIS. Feb: 1659